The
Pagan
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Old Nilla

~Lom Bachall Bard~
(mailto:je&#10

Just yesterday she relieved some weary hikers
As they needed a rest on a long dirty trail
They sat and they talked and shared some time with her
And they never would guess all the stories she'd tell...

It was all those years ago, when she fell in the forest
And she fell to the ground just a seed with a dream
As the years passed on by she grew oh so slowly
But she grew in the view of her mother's great beam

She grew tall and proud as she saw her first person
As the stranger passed by her, he stopped for a rest
She gave him her shade, and she gave him a whiff
Of sweet old vanilla, though he'd never have guessed

With the years passing by came the fall of her mother
From the greatest of heights to the ridgeline below
Mother was still there but she could no longer smell her
She could no longer hear her when the coldest winds blow

But the years passed on by, and she had her own children
And they grew all around her so tall and so strong
And the seasons kept changing and the people passed by her
And the stream far below her just rolled on, just rolled on

But the day finally came that she felt would be coming
And she joined her great mother on the ridgeline below
As she lay there she sensed that her long life was over
But she soon realized in truth, that it just wasn't so

As a few years passed by, she found herself feeding
The life of the great forest that she'd never seen
She had even helped her children by making room for them
And they grew even taller, ever stronger and green

Then a few years ago someone built a trail near her
The trail passed by her, and she watched them go by
Then she did all she could just to get their attention
So she reached a live branch to the sun, to the sky

Then just yesterday she relieved some weary hikers
Gave them her great trunk to relax and to talk on
Felt them walk to her children, and as they hugged and sniffed them

She smiled to herself and they walked on, they walked on

The next time you walk through the forest remember
That all you can see is not just dead and cold
And remember be careful how you treat all things 'round you
Everything you serve out will return to you threefold

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